

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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No. 3.

## A MAN'S GOOD-BYE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY GLEN CAROL.

Good-bye! I shall not see you in the morning.  
No, I fear they say the sad words now—

What was there in our golden, fleeting summer,  
To leave this wistful shadow on your brow,  
And in your eyes? I thought you seemed so gay,  
Like the bright sun, and the flowers, and the roses,  
Cheeks bright with roses, and the sunshite's glow  
Lingered in every ripple of your hair.

I scarce can dare to think our summer's over—  
It has been all too brief and bright for me,  
How often I shall dream we are together,  
And wake to find you but a memory!

And when I wake, I have a thought  
Toward that land where, so soon shall be!

In the gay winter that is yet to come,  
Think sometimes of the summer past and me!

The late, and you must seek these vanished roses  
Within the realms of sleep's healing land—  
A last good-night, and may you be happy  
In all the years to come! Give me your hand.

## Helena Macdonald; OR, THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

### CHAPTER I.

The island lies nine leagues away,  
Along its solitary shore,  
Of craggy rock and sandy bay  
No sound but ocean's roar,  
Save where the gulls, with voices like her own,  
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

R. H. D.

About six miles from the mainland of Scotland, with its rock-bound coasts embayed by the waters of the broad Atlantic, was an island known in the days of which I write as Macdonald's Isle.

The island was small—about two miles in length and the same in breadth—but fertile, rough, and rocky. A deep, unbroken silence ever reigned here, save when some gay party from the opposite coast visited the island to fish or shoot. Sometimes during the summer pleasure parties were held here, but in the winter all was silent and dreary on the lonely, isolated little spot.

This island had been from time immemorial in the possession of a family named Macdonald handed down from father to son. The people of the surrounding country had learned to look upon them as the rightful lords of the soil, to the master border. The means by which it came into their possession were seldom thought of, or if thought of, only added to their reputation as a bold and daring race. The legend ran, that long before the union, came over a certain Sir Malcolm Macdonald, a celebrated freebooter and son of the noble Scottish clan of that name, who for some reckless crime had been outlawed and banished, and in revenge had become a pirate, making this solitary island the place of his rendezvous. Here, with his band of dare-devils—all outlaws like himself—he held many a jolly carousal that made the old rocks ring. In one of his adventures he had taken captive a young Spanish girl, whose wondrous beauty at once conquered a heart all unused to the tender passion. A bare boat or a privateer in trim, without a bark or a pilot in trim, had borne her off to his secret lair. Soon, however, tiring of her company on shipboard, he brought her to his island home, and there left her to occupy his castle, while he sailed merrily away. One year afterwards, Sir Malcolm the Dauntless, as he was called, was conquered by an English ship-of-war; and true to his daring character, he blew up his vessel, and together with his crew and captives perished in the explosion.

After him, from one generation to another, the Macdonalds ruled as lords of the isle, and became in after years as noted for their poverty as their pride. A reckless, impudent race they were, caring only for to-day, and letting-to-morrow care for itself; quick and fierce to resent injury or insult, and impudent as dogs or hawks in their hate. Fiercely in love and hated, the Macdonalds were known and dreaded for miles around. From sire to son the fiery blood of Sir Malcolm the Dauntless passed unadulterated, and throbbed in the veins of Oscar Macdonald, the late master of the lodge, in a darker, fiercer strain than in any that had gone before. At his death, which took place some two or three years previous to the opening of our story, his son Malcolm, a true descendant of his illustrious namesake, became the lord and master of the isle, and the last of the Macdonalds. Young Malcolm showed no disposition to pass his days in the spot where he was born. After the death of his father, Malcolm resolved to visit foreign lands, and leave his native Scotland. To the care of old Ailie, Mrs. Macdonald, as she was familiarly called, and her son Evan, both of whom had passed their lives in the service of the family, and considered that in some sort the honor of the house lay in their hands.

Vague rumors were current that the old house was haunted. Fishermen out casting their nets abroad at midnight, blue, unearthly lights flashed from the upper chambers—where it was known old Ailie never went—and wild, piercing shrieks, that chilled the blood with horror, echoed on the still night air. The superstitions whispered that Oscar had been sent back by his master, the Evil One, to avenge for his wicked deeds done in the flesh, and that his restless spirit would ever haunt the old lodge, the scene, it was believed, of many an appalled crime.

But as it turned out, old Ailie was descended save by old Ailie and her hopeful son, and young Malcolm, taking with him his only sister, spent his time in cruising about in a schooner he owned, and—it was said, among other rumors—in cheating the revenue.

Besides the lodge, or Macdonald's Castle, as it was sometimes called, the island contained but one other habitation, occupied by a widow, a distant connection of the Macdonalds, who, after the death of her hus-



HERBERT TELLS HELENA THE NECROMANCER'S PREDICTION.

clouded moon grew dark even while I spoke."

"And now the cloud is past, and it sails on brighter than ever," he said, with a smile. "See, fairest Helena, all is calm and peaceful once more. My prediction will be verified, after all."

He drew a deep breath, and looked so intensely relieved that he laughed. Helena burst into a vivacious, as did said.

"I know you must think me weak and childish; but I have superstitions by nature. Dreams, inspirations, and premonitions that no one else thinks of are all vivid realities to me. But you promised to tell me the wizard's prediction concerning your future, so pray go on."

"Well, let me see," said Herbert Clinton, leaning his head on his hand. "It is now three years ago that a celebrated Mahometan fortune-teller visited the town in Spain where I resided. His fame soon spread far and wide, and crowds of the credulous came from every part to visit him. He could not speak a word of any language but his own—but he had an interpreter, who did all the talking necessary, which was very little."

"I was then a boy of a good many years, and with two or three of my fellow-scholars, received one day to visit the wizard. Arrived at his house, we were shown into a large room, and called up one by one into the presence of the Mahometan.

"Our object in going was more for sport than anything else; but when we saw the first who was called—a wild, reckless young fellow, who feared nothing earthly—return pale and serious, our mirth was at an end. One by one the others were called, and all came back grave and thoughtful. By some chance, I was the last."

"I am not like you, bright Helena, naturally enterprising; but I confess, when that wizard entered me into his presence, I was seized with a sort of chill all creeping over me. He was the most singular-looking being I ever beheld. His face was exactly like that of one who has been for some days dead—a sort of dark-greenish white, with pale-blue lips, and sharp Asiatic features."

"The Mahometan stood before a smoking cauldron, and drawn up to his full height, his size appeared almost colossal. His dress was a long black robe, all woven over with scorpions, and snakes, and other equally pleasing objects, that seemed starting out dazzlingly white from this dark background. Altogether, the room looked so like a charnel-house, and the wizard so like a supernatural being that I am not ashamed to own, I felt myself growing nervous. I lost my voice."

"The interpreter, who stood behind, opened the scene by asking me my name, age, birthplace, and divers other questions of a like nature, which he wrote down in some sort of hieroglyphics, and handed to the Mahometan. Then bidding me advance, and keep my eyes fixed on the cauldron, and not speak a word, the interpreter left the room."

"My heart beat faster than was its wont as I approached this strange being, and found myself completely alone with him in this ghostly, weird place. He took a handful of what I imagined to be incense of some kind, and threw it on the red, living coals, muttering some words in an unknown tongue as he did so."

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"Presently a cloud of smoke arose, dense, black, and suffocating, filling the whole room with the gloom of Tartarus. Slowly, as if endowed with instinct, it lifted itself up and spread out before me. And looking up, I beheld—"

"Herbert Clinton paused, as if irresolute whether to reveal the rest or not; but Helena grasped his arm, and in a voice that was fairly hoarse with intense excitement, said—

"Go on."

"I saw," he continued, looking beyond her, as if describing something then passing before him, "the interior of a church crowded with people. Flowers were strewn on the floor, and a sound of voices, and the sound of the grand cadence of a triumphal hymn. A ringman, book in hand, stood before a bridal pair, performing the marriage ceremony. The features of the man of God are indelibly impressed on my memory, but the two who stood before him had their backs towards me. For about five seconds they remained thus stationary, then it began to grow more and more indistinct; the forms grew shadowy and undefined, and began to disappear."

"Just before they vanished altogether, the faces of the wedded pair turned for an instant towards me, and in the bridegroom, Helena, I beheld myself. The vapor lifted and lifted, until all was gone, and nothing was to be seen but the black walls of the cauldron, and the glowing, fiery coals in the caldron."

"Again the Mahometan threw the incense on the fire, and again mumbled his unintelligible jargon. Again the thick black smoke arose, filling the room, and again became stationary, forming a shadowy panorama before me. This time I saw a prison cell dark, dismal, and monotonous. A rough straw pallet stood on one side, and on the other a pitcher of water and a loaf—orthodox prison fare from time immemorial. On the ground, chained as it were to the wall, grovelled a woman, in shining bridal robes, her long midnight tresses trailing on the foul floor."

"No words can describe to you the utter despair and agonies I beheld in her gloomy, despairing attitude. I stood spell-bound in that spot, unable to move, in breathless interest. Then the scene began to fade away.

The prostrate figure lifted its head, and I beheld the face of her whom, a moment before, seemed to stand before me at the altar. But no words of mine can describe to you the mortal woe, the unutterable despair in that haggard but beautiful face. Helena! Helena! it will haunt me to my dying day. I put out my hand as if to retain her; but at that instant all disappeared."

Once more Herbert Clinton paused. This time he was deadly pale, and his eyes were wild and excited. Helena stood near him, her great black, mystic eyes dilated, every

trace of color fading from her face, leaving over her lips as pale as death.

"The third time this strange encounter went through the same ceremony as before," continued he; "and, again before the previous scene, a very scene indeed before me now, the same scene repeated in the night, and the pine a dark crimson glow. A furious storm of lightning and thunder, and rain was raging, and the waves crashed and beat in the lured wild. On the ground lay the dead body of a man writhing in blood. A dark crimson stream flowed from a great, frightful gash in the head, from which the life seemed just to have gone. As the white face of the mangled man was uplifted to the light, and I gazed at it, Helen, Helena!—I recognized once more the heaven hours past. I saw it as plainly as I saw the fair moon now. A white, gaudy form, whether of woman or spirit I know not, seemed hovering near, darting, as it were, in and out amidst the trees. Even as I gazed it grew thin and shadowy, until all was gone again.

"For the fourth and last time, the Massonian threw the strange incense on the fire, and spoke the words of power, and a new vision met my horrified gaze. I seemed to behold an immense conourse of people, a vast mob swaying to and fro in the widest excitement. A low, hoarse growl, as of distant thunder, passed at intervals through the vast crowd, and every eye was raised to an object above them. I looked up, too, and beheld a sight that seemed fresh, but very blood in my veins. It was Macdonald, with a countenance like that of a wild boar, but with a heart and a soul, and large, as if it could not find room in so small a body. However, I have told, as a general thing, that people are by clever and wiser hearted than their tall neighbors, as if Nature was anxious to atone for their shortened nature by giving them a double allowance of heart and brains.

Nursing was Mrs. Ben's peculiar element. Nothing delighted her more than to get possession of a patient whose soul could doctor back to health. Of late there had been a "plentiful" even of these escape valves, so her eyes twinkled now with their delight at the prospect of this gaudy.

"Send him up! Certainly you will, Master Macdonald. I'll take care of him. This will be the best road, up the sides of the rocks; that's rough as it is here."

"Left him up," said Captain Macdonald to the sailors who had rowed them ashore.

"Gently, boys," he said, as the sick man groaned. "Don't hurt him. Follow Mrs. Ben to her cottage—that's the way. I'll be down early to-morrow to see him. Mrs. Ben, this way, Clinton, follow me. I'll bid you good night, Mrs. Ben. Remember me to your return."

And Captain Macdonald sprang up the rocks, followed by Helen and Clinton, in the direction of Macdonald's Castle.

Mrs. Ben, with a rapidity which the two sturdy men found it difficult to follow, hurried as they were, walked toward her cottage.

The home of Mrs. Ben was a low, one-story cottage, consisting of one large room with a loft above, where all sorts of lumber and garden implements were stored, and where Master Fritz sought his repose. A garden in front, with a well-tended path, led up to the front door, and into the apartment which served as kitchen, parlor, dining room, and sleeping room for Jessie and Mrs. Ben. The furniture was of the plainest description, and scanty at that, for Mrs. Ben was poor, in spite of all her industry, but, as might be expected from so thrifty a housewife, everything was like wax-work. The small, latticed panes in the windows dashed like jewels in the moonlight; and the floors and chairs were scrubbed as white as human hands could make them. Behind the house was a large, well-tilled garden, mostly cultivated by Fritz, but really by Mrs. Ben, who preferred doing the work herself to watching her lazy nephew.

As the men entered with their burdens, Mrs. Ben threw open the bed-chamber door, and the sick man was deposited on the bed. Lights were brought by Fritz a round-faced, yellow-haired, sleep-looking youth of fifteen, with dull, unmeaning blue eyes, and a slow, indolent gait, the very opposite in every way of his brisk, bustling little aunt.

"Be off with you to bed," said Mrs. Ben. "It's the best place for any one so lazy as you are. Clear out, now, for I'm going to sit up with this sick man, poor body, and want quiet!"

With evident willingness, Fritz shuffled off, leaving Mrs. Ben alone with her patient.

The sturdy men approached the bed, and looked at his pinched, ashen features with an experienced eye. It was evident to her he could not survive the night.

"I wonder if he knows his end so near at hand," said Mrs. Ben to herself. "He ought to know, anyhow. I'll tell him when he awakes, 'cause it's no use for me trying to do anything with him."

"He is not asleep. As she spoke, he opened his large, wild-looking black eyes, and gazed around vacantly.

"If it should prove true," she said, covering her face with a shoulder. "Herbert, tell me, do you believe it?"

"Nothing, nothing," she answered, in a tremulous voice. "But, oh, Herbert, do you believe the prediction?"

"Strange, wild girl that you are, has this idle tale frightened you?" he said, smiling at her wild, dilated eyes.

"If it should prove true," she said, covering her face with a shoulder. "Herbert, tell me, do you believe it?"

"My dark-eyed darling, how can I tell whether to believe it or not? It has not come true, and there seems no likelihood of its ever doing so. But I don't think it is any more, if I had thought it would have unnerved you so, I would never have told you."

She put up her arm in a vague, wild sort of way, as if to ward off some approaching danger.

"Oh, Herbert! this is dreadful—dreadful! What if all he predicted should come to pass?"

"Well, I should be obliged to do the best I could. What will be, will be you know. But I have no such fear. Nonsense, Helena!—Macdonald of the pale trembling thus at imaginary danger! The ghost of Macdonald the Dauntless will start from his grave if he discovers it!"

The girl sprang proudly back to her couch at her brother's words, as she said, more coldly and calmly.

"For myself, I could never tremble, but for—"

The pause, and her beautiful lip quivered.

"For me, then, dear, those fears are," he said, tenderly. "A thousand thanks for this proof of your love, but, believe me, the cause is only imaginary. Why, Helena, I had nearly forgotten all about the matter, until your brother's remark to-night recalled it to my memory. Promise me now, you will never think of it more, much less speak of it."

"Tell me one thing more, Herbert, and I promise on my soul," said Helena, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking up in his face earnestly, while her voice trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"Well," he said, anxiously.

"Did you recognize the face of the person whom you saw beside you at the altar, and who afterwards died on the scaffold?"

He was silent, and looked with a troubled eye out over the shining waters.

"Herbert—dear Herbert—tell me, have you ever seen her?"

"Why will you question me thus, dearest Helena?"

"Answer me, truly, Herbert, on your honor."

"Well, then, dearest, I have."

Herbert turned, and looking steadily in her wild, searching eyes, replied, in a thrilling whisper:

"You, Helena—YOU."

#### CHAPTER II.

Her wretched brain gave way, and she became a wreck at random driven, without one glimmer of reason or of force.

"—more."

The yacht Hammer Brosse lay at anchor in a little rock-bound inlet, on the northern side of the island previously referred to. A boat had just put off from her containing Captain Macdonald, Mr. Herbert Clinton, Helena, Macdonald, and the two sons, a sort of matron's hair, supported by Captain Macdonald, and in the pale, cold, moonlight, looked wan and emaciated to a fearful degree. The features, sharply defined, were like those of a skeleton, and in their ghastly rigidity seemed like that of a corpse; but life, intensely burning life, shone in the wild, troubled eyes. Herbert Clinton and Helena sat talking together in low tones at the other end of the boat, fearing of disturbing the dying man.

As the boat touched the shore, Clinton leapt out, and held out his hand to Helena; but the wild eyes, scanning the need him, and springing lightly out, and stood beside him.

The figure of a woman, who had been standing on a rock watching their approach, now came forward, advancing, deliberately, in a broad Scotch accent, which we have translated for the benefit of our readers,

"But, but it's Miss Helena! Who ever thought we'd see you here again? What have ye been to this long time?"

The Macdonalds responded heartily to her greetings, and in turn inquired after Fritz and Jessie. When all these preliminaries had been gone through, Malcolm turned to his Amherstman, and said, thoughtfully:

"Well, by the way, my dear Mrs. Ben, I have a patient for you to take care of, if you have no objection. He can't last much longer, poor fellow, and you are a better nurse than Helena. What do you say, Mrs. Ben? Shall I have him sent up to you?"

"I say no to answer, but my teeth chattered so with terror that I could not utter a word."

"'Tis him," explained the other, who all this time had been holding the lantern close to my face. "This is the very fellow we were in search of. Your name is Arthur Stewart."

"I—I—I managed to say, quaking with terror."

"You are a man by trade, and live in—Glasgow?" said, or rather affirmed, my fierce questioner.

"I replied in the affirmative, for I saw there was no use in attempting a lie.

"All right, Ben! You go for the carriage, and I will take care of our friend here until all was again."

"Nursing was Mrs. Ben's peculiar element. Nothing delighted her more than to get possession of a patient whose soul could doctor back to health. Of late there had been a "plentiful" even of these escape valves, so her eyes twinkled now with their delight at the prospect of this gaudy.

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"My dark-eyed darling, how can I tell whether to believe it or not? It has not come true, and there seems no likelihood of its ever doing so. But I don't think it is any more, if I had thought it would have unnerved you so, I would never have told you."

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"For myself, I could never tremble, but for—"

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"Tell me one thing more, Herbert, and I promise on my soul," said Helena, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking up in his face earnestly, while her voice trembled in spite of all her efforts.

"Well," he said, anxiously.

"Did you recognize the face of the person whom you saw beside you at the altar, and who afterwards died on the scaffold?"

He was silent, and looked with a troubled eye out over the shining waters.

"Herbert—dear Herbert—tell me, have you ever seen her?"

"Why will you question me thus, dearest Helena?"

"Answer me, truly, Herbert, on your honor."

"Well, then, dearest, I have."

Herbert turned, and looking steadily in her wild, searching eyes, replied, in a thrilling whisper:

"You, Helena—YOU."

All was now up with me, so I scrambled to my feet just as two men, wearing black crepe masks over their faces, entered. Each carried pistols, and one held a dark lantern, the light of which he flashed in my face.

"Who are you, sir?" fiercely exclaimed one.

"I say no to answer, but my teeth chattered so with terror that I could not utter a word."

"'Tis him," explained the other, who all this time had been holding the lantern close to my face. "This is the very fellow we were in search of. Your name is Arthur Stewart."

"I—I—I managed to say, quaking with terror."

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"You are a man by trade, and live in—Glasgow?" said, or rather affirmed, my fierce questioner.

"I replied in the affirmative, for I saw there was no use in attempting a lie.

"And now swear never to reveal my secret to me."

"I swear," said I, for I dared not refuse.

"That will do. Take him away," said the speaker, leaving the room.

"'Tis you, do you want to share their fate?"

"I shrink from the crime, but life was dear to me, and I obeyed. As soon work only

was done, I left the door open, and went to bed."

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## LOVE'S REASONS.

Why do I love my darling so?  
Good looks, my heart, I hardly know;  
I have such stores of reasons;  
Two or three, at least, I could say,  
May, and, I suppose, would say.

Because her eyes are dark and brown,  
My dove, who quickly had to say,  
To me as to her haven?  
Because her hair is soft, and laid  
Madly on her bosom?

And pretty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,  
Not chaste, but very commanding.

But softly warm as roses.

Dear lips that quiver when they move,  
Like the wings of a swallow.

Tell earthly love-time comes?

Because her heart is soft and white,  
Of bright, transparent, clear blue.

So lovingly caresses;

So that my heart may never tire  
Of monotony, or more desire

To have her always?

Ah me! what know or what care I?  
Or what have I to do with her?

How simple is the reason!

I love her—for she is my love,

And whilst stars shall shine above,

And season follow season.

## TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ANNA MORRIS.

"Hello, youngster! Can you tell me who lives in the old farm-house yonder?"

The urchin thus accosted paused for a moment in his evening swing on the garden gate, and replied rather contemptuously, "Why that's Deacon Jones's house. Thought everybody knew where the deacon lived."

"Isn't any one at home?" persisted the questioner. "The place looks deserted."

"Oh, yes, they're home fast enough," answered the boy, resuming his swinging. "That's the way I know it, because the deacon's been took so bad," and he commenced whistling vigorously as if to intimate that the interview was at an end.

"Took so bad!" muttered the stranger as he turned in the direction of the old farm-house, and strode rapidly along. "What can be the matter with Job, I wonder?"

"Don't suppose he will remember me, nor Marhs neither," he soliloquized. "Ten years bearing about the world makes a great change in a man's looks; but somehow, through it all, I've looked forward to this coming back to the old house, and finding all just as when I went away, and now, here's Job sick or something; and everything going to rock and ruin! Well, well! never mind, all the better, Hezekiah Jones, that you've come home to put your shoulder to the wheel."

The words brought him to the farm-house door, and he gently lifted the latch and entered. The kitchen was just across the little entry in which he found himself, and he stood silently surveying the scene within. It was a warm June evening, but a bright fire was in the old-fashioned open fireplace, and in a large easy chair drawn as close as possible to the blaze was a figure enveloped in blankets.

Moving noiselessly about was a faded, patient-looking woman, apparently busied in preparing something for the invalid's supper, as she presently placed it on a tray, and carried it to him.

"Now try and eat a little, Job," she said kindly.

"I fear it is of no use, Martha," replied Deacon Jones with a very feeble voice, as he laid his hand on his heart to take the tray. "I cannot hold it," he groaned. "I grow weaker every day. Well," he added with much resignation, "the Lord's will be done. You will be better off when I am buried, and out of the way."

"Oh, don't talk so, Job," was the cheerful reply. "Let me feed you, and you will feel better to-morrow. You know you did not sleep as well as usual last night."

Another groan was all the answer, for the listener could bear it no longer, and strode hastily into the kitchen.

Martha turned quickly to see who was the intruder. For one instant she gasped, and then sprang forward with a glad cry of, "Why, Hezekiah, can it be you? We thought you were dead!"

"Hezekiah!" exclaimed the invalid, starting from his chair, and speaking in a full voice. "I am here, and I have just answered his wife but a moment before."

Most cordial and heartfelt was the welcome bestowed on the long absent brother, and many were the questions as to where he had been, and why he had not written.

In all of these the deacon bore his full share, but when his brother having hastily answered, asked, in his turn,

"But what is the matter with you, Job? I want away leaving you as strong and healthy as myself, and now come back to find you wrapped up in blankets, and lying back in an easy-chair as if you had never done a stroke of work in your life."

The voice was very feeble once more, as he answered,

"Ah, Hezekiah, I am a great sufferer, and grow weaker and weaker every day. It is hard to be thus cut off in my prime, but I strive to be resigned, and bear my cross patiently."

"But what made you so feeble?" questioned his brother.

"Many will tell you about it," murmured the sufferer, closing his eyes and laying back as if exhausted; "I can talk but a few moments at a time."

Hezekiah turned inquiringly to his sister-in-law, who shook her head slightly as in token of silence, and answered cheerfully, "I'll tell you all by-and-by, Hezekiah, but first let me get you some supper, as you must be hungry after the long ride you say you have had to-day," and she commenced some preparations for the evening meal.

The deacon lay still with closed eyes and folded hands, and Hezekiah watched him in silence. Somehow he did not look very ill; his face was full, and had a good healthy color, though somewhat fairer than any husband, poor Martha was prevailed upon, and carried off in triumph.

"Now the coat's clear," chinked the captain, as he took the chaise out of the carriage, "and I'll see what can be done before we come back to-morrow."

No nurse could be kinder and more attentive than the captain all that afternoon. Indeed, so much solicitude did he display, that the deacon thought more than once, "Ah, it's easy seeing that Hezekiah realizes now how feeble I really am. When he first came home he didn't seem to think there was much the matter with me, but now he sees the difference."

"Can't you sit up to the table and eat a bit, Job," he inquired.

"Oh, no, no," groaned the invalid, "it is many a long month since I have been able to do that."

"Well, surely you will eat something. What shall I hand you? Come, let me pull your chair up by the table, there's a good fellow," and suiting the action to the word, he sprang up, and seizing the easy-chair, drew it to the table before his brother had time to remonstrate.

"Oh, Hezekiah! How could you? Oh, my poor brother, how they are shaken-moved the deacon, who sat looking very much like a skeleton at the feast. Vainly his brother tried to persuade him to eat.

His wife timidly added her entreaties, and at last asked,

"Shall I feed you, Job?"

"You" was the feeble answer. "I may try to take a mouthful of something, though I have not the slightest appetite."

Perhaps he had not, but he nevertheless contrived to dispose of a very respectable amount of food, to the intense disgust of his brother, who began to see through the captain.

Soon after supper, Deacon Jones said, "I must go to bed, Martha. I am too feeble to sit up longer. Be sure that the cow is properly milked and fed, and the barn fastened up for the night."

"Who comes in to do your chores?" asked Hezekiah.

"Oh no one. Martha attends to them," said the deacon.

"The more is the shame," exclaimed the new-comer. "Here, Martha, give me the pail, and I'll see whether I have forgotten how to milk."

"In a minute, Hezekiah," answered Mrs. Jones, "as soon as I've helped Job into the bed-room, and she began to draw the curtains in which her husband sat, toward the door.

"Here, let me do that," cried her brother, and he sprang hastily to her assistance. One push of his stout arm sent it forward with such rapidity that the invalid gasped.

"Oh, be careful—have some mercy on my poor nerves. I know I am a great trial, and it will be better for all, when I'm buried, and out of the way."

Hezekiah looked as if he fully agreed with him, but restraining his disposition to say so, he rendered all the aid in his power, and then returned to the kitchen, where he was soon joined by his sister-in-law.

"Now, here is the pail," she said, "and I'll go out to the barn and show you a little."

"It's soon as they were well out of doors, Hezekiah exclaimed. "For mercy's sake, Martha, tell me what has happened to Job?"

"That's what I came out with you for," she replied, "for I knew if we talked in the house he would never go to sleep."

"To buy you," shrieked Job. "But I'm not dead yet."

"No, but as you often say, it would be better if you were buried and out of the way," was the reply; and at a sign from him, Job was seized, bound and gagged, (for he struggled violently), and in less time than it takes to tell it, was being rapidly conveyed out of the house and down through the meadow.

Arrived at a secluded spot under some trees, the deacon to his horror saw an open grave waiting to receive him.

"Lay him in," ordered the same one who had spoken before, and Job was lowered into the grave.

"Not if you will solemnly promise not to stand up for help, we will never give the gag," said Lucy, who had a wholesome distrust of peddlers and being cheated, and kept on with her work.

"But just let me show you what I've got," said the peddler, preparing to undo his pack.

"I've got some ribbons that'll just become you, an—"

"You needn't take the trouble to open your goods," said Lucy. "I shan't buy."

"But it won't cost you anything to look at 'em, you know," persisted the man.

"But I don't want to look at them," said Lucy, stubbornly.

"I've got a good deal of work to do to-morrow, and I can't spend time in looking at 'em things. Father and mother won't be back till to-morrow, and the work is left on my hands to do, so you see I've got to keep busy."

"But you don't stay here all alone while they're gone, do you?" asked the man, glancing furtively about him as he spoke.

"Yes; I ain't afraid," answered Lucy, but hardly had the words left her mouth than she regretted having been so confidential to this straggling stranger. He might be a thief for all she knew to the contrary, and knowing that she would be alone he might attempt to steal whatever his inclination prompted him to. It would be an easy task for him to hang round the neighborhood till night.

"Well, I can't sell you anything, I suppose I might as well, log on," said the man, shouldering his pack. Lucy watched him until he was out of sight over the hill, and then went back to her work, wishing she had not told him about her intention of staying alone.

"But then, he's probably a poor, honest old fellow who wouldn't steal if he could," said Lucy, by way of consoling herself a little, and was soon singing over her work.

By and there was another click of the gate-latch, and looking out, Lucy saw John Mason coming up the path. Her face grew red when she saw him, but she tried to look very cool and indifferent when she said good morning.

"I saw you this morning," said John, sitting down in the doorway, and faulking him with his wide-brimmed straw hat. "He told me he was not coming back until to-morrow, and that you were going to stay alone. I didn't know but you'd be likely to have Kitty and me come over and stay with you."

"Oh no!" protested Lucy. "I couldn't think of putting yourself to so much trouble."

"But one thing," answered the leader.

"And that? What is it? I promise—promise anything!"

"Promise that to-morrow morning you will go to work like the strong, able-bodied man you are; that you will henceforth do all that you did before your illness, when you were a good husband and neighbor; have no more fancied ailments, but entirely get rid of them. Promise this solemnly, and we will let you go."

"I promise," groaned the poor wretch.

"Untie him, man," ordered the leader.

"Remember," he added, "that we shall know if in the slightest degree you break your promise; and then, there will be no further reprieve. This grave will remain open, and on the first relapse, you shall be buried in it. Now go!" and as the last cord fell from him, Deacon Jones started at a rapid pace for his home.

The captain stood still, straining the milk into a large pan, when the door burst open, and his brother staggered in, clothed only in his night shirt, and a blanket wrapped about him.

"For goodness sake, Job, what's the matter? Where have you been? I left you safe and well. What made you get up so late?"

"I've got to," he groaned, "and then, if you are going to live there, if some sudden shock comes to him, he would be all right. I've often thought, continued the wretched man, with his hands clasped behind his head, or some such thing, but I didn't know how to set about it."

"You are sure it wouldn't kill him, doctor?" asked the captain, anxiously.

"Oh, no, indeed!" laughed the doctor, "there is not the slightest danger. But what are you plotting now?" he asked,神秘地.

"They. Who are they?" inquired the captain, obeying the request.

The deacon, with many ejaculations of horror, told the story, to which the captain listened with much sympathy.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the captain, at the conclusion.

"The deacon lay silent for a few moments; then starting up, grasped his brother's hand.

"I'm going to work like a man," he muttered; "for to tell the truth, Hezekiah, I believe I have been a fool for two years."

"I believe so too," was the encouraging reply.

Early the next day, Mrs. Jones returned.

"Where is Hezekiah?" she called, excitedly, as she entered the kitchen and found his chair empty. "Is he worse?" and she rushed into the bed-room.

"No, I think he's better," she said, and then sprang forward with a glad cry of, "Hezekiah, can it be you? We thought you were dead!"

"Hezekiah!" exclaimed the invalid, starting from his chair, and speaking in a full voice. "I am here, and I have just answered his wife but a moment before."

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"That's just what I was thinking of when I saw your brother," replied the captain, with a slight twinge of remorse as he remembered some other things he had been thinking of.

"Well, surely you will eat something. What shall I hand you? Come, let me pull your chair up by the table, there's a good fellow," and suiting the action to the word, he sprang up, and seizing the easy-chair, drew it to the table before his brother had time to remonstrate.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872.

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## THORNS IN THE FLESH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Doubtless, Mr. Editor, you have never realized the meaning of my heading. Your blithedays are spent in poring delightedly over the effusions of genius. Of course no poetry, save that of the gods, can be inspiring, save from the fountain of inspiration. No prose save that which is full of style, logical in reasoning, and fascinating in plot and character, ever grieves your highly-favored editorial eyes.

But everybody can't be an editor.

There must be ordinary mortals in the world.

And the tender flesh of these same ordinary mortals must oftentimes be lacerated by extremely sharp thorns. For instance, I glance across the road from my pleasant cottage home, and my eyes rest upon a charming residence, that of my friend Mrs. K., a tender, warm-hearted little woman, abounding in that charity which is "the bond of perfectness," and sensible in all things, so that she married a widow, six children. It is a very happy home, however. The tender care which that little woman bestows upon her six boys, and the whole-hearted love they give her in return, would do much toward taking away the odious which sometimes attaches itself to the name of "step-mother." Thus poor all is peace.

Now for the thorns.

Never, Mr. Editor, was there a kinder, better man than Mr. K., but never, never was there a man with such an endless array of relations, near and distant, aunts, uncles, and cousins up to as high a degree as the arithmetical alphabet is capable of enumerating. And every summer delegations of this innumerable host "swop down" upon the unfortunate little friend in the most dreadful and abominable way, where or invitation. I from my window behold them on their "winding way," and say to myself, "Thorns!" veritable thorns in the flesh! What were poor dear St. Paul's sufferings compared to those of a housewife already burdened by her own family cares, who is suddenly confronted by an army of distant relations? They are received with angelic sweetness of manner. Who could guess the despairing heart of my friend? The master of the house kindly remarks to his wife, "Mary, my dear, you must have much help in the kitchen."

More help?

O, man! there may'st lead armies, and rule nations, but when thou art attempt to penetrate the mystery of the domestic economy, thou canst prove thyself to be the very soul and essence of stupidity!

"Mary, my dear," gives him a look of sweet despair, and (O marvel among women!) is silent.

Doesn't that man know that neither love nor money can procure efficient help in a secluded country place?

Doesn't he know full well the character of Bridget, the domestic queen, whose countenance appears full all bidders with terror?

Of course he knows, but he *don't think*.

For his benefit I quote the well-known lines:

"Grief is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

I repeat it, there never was a better man than Mr. K.—An angel from the distant spheres couldn't make men understand that housekeeping is not the most calm and joyous way ever devised of spending one's days.

And now, Mr. Editor, in view of the worn-out nerves of the friend whom I so highly value, and of thousands of other weary souls, and in view of the fact that from North, South, East and West, the departing exiles of fainting housewives for help! often help, I hold this *indecisive* summer visiting to be an intolerable imposition. I am not quite a heathen. I do not include in my category of indiscriminate visitors one's dear familial relatives and friends, for whom one would gladly sacrifice ease and comfort, but the numberless very extremely distant relatives whom you fondly wish (in secret) are far more distant still.

These are thorns, sharp thorns, in the tender flesh of many a wearied and overburdened housewife.

F. A. E.

## THE BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I went to see it last night. You know how it looked, they are all as alike as two peas.

The bachelors' uncle says it is a bunch of clothes with a red face. He denies that man had his origin from such a pale, weakling, and prefers to accept the Darwinian theory, instead.

The brother, little four-year-old Hobbs, has his finger on his nose, and is in the same state of mind as that member. He is rather anxious about the creature, peering into the face and examining several times per day the diminutive hands and feet.

We don't like him," asserts Hobbs with a snuff of contempt. And yet he adores the fine from his crib, and goes around on tiptoe when it sleeps.

Hobbs acts a little proud. He feels a sort of possession in the wee bairns. "Jimmy Lane ain't got any baby," he communicates as soon as I enter.

"Hobbs, you are fond of that baby."

"No, sir, come this fine."

"I will take it over to Jimmy Lane."

"I'll to it out doors fine."

"Very well, I'll throw it out doors when I start home."

Both arms are around it to take it off my lap. "Let me take my baby home."

The little wif' has, no, no enemies. Hobbs loves it. The bachelors' uncle is only anxious of baby's father. He is in the same unsavory condition with regard to him, that Jimmy Lane is to Hobbs.

It fills the hearts of its parents with a strange delight. It comes to them a gift from the Divine—a mysterious, helpless innocent. We tender that its life hangs on a thread, and wholly dependent on their care for its mortal existence. Impotent as it is, they almost stand in awe of it, for it is yet to become a man, and promises to be a power for good or evil in the world.

MARIE S. LADD.

## IN JUNE.

Brown in the bogs of the river Bos  
A drowsy, drowsy, brown,  
Who would like to see him rise,  
And get his tackle out?  
Let me do nothing but live for a day,  
I will sit on the salmonian stream and even,  
And fish with daddy's line,  
I will rise with the lark to the gates of Heaven,  
I will love with the thrush,  
I will sing with the river sings,  
In every time and tane,  
On this day, the sweetest of all sweet things—in June.

Now I lie on a soft green bed,  
Drowsy, drowsy, brown;  
Green is the canopy high over my head,  
The earth's fringe hangs fast;  
In a drowsy, drowsy, brown,  
Hush-hatched, brazened trail,  
I know, I feel the bite of the skink,  
I need not turn to the sun,  
With the water above,  
Below my neck of rest,  
If they will not the river, with all their love,  
With pink and white spots shown;

The love-horn spouts of a wild rose-day in June.

Quiver, O quiver! till in evening's haze,  
Your tresses rise and fall,  
Maurice, O Maurice! I have trouble sprays,  
Till the sun goes down in the wall,  
Sing, O throat! in my listening ears,  
As one song to the moon of old,  
I come to you in the drowsy, drowsy, brown,  
And dream that their sands can grid,  
Ripple, River! or is it bud and flower,  
As long as my eyes may see,  
As long as my heart may be,

As long as my soul may be,  
The night comes on me, in June.

## SLANG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE PLANTS WHICH BEAR THIS NEED ARE RATHER

## PETITE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Miss Wheeler wonders if there is anything more aggravating than being a "fondled" I take a liberty of saying that in my humble opinion there is. I think that including the requisite amount of inches in being come up to the average height of one's lady friend, and being personally and everlastingly reminded of it, is vastly more aggravating than being a "reminder." You see it's so personal, and I always did dislike personal.

Now in Miss Wheeler's case, if you are introduced to a lady or gentleman, and they are straightway reminded of an aunt, cousin, or uncle, you can take the benefit of the doubt, and fondly believe the aforesaid aunt, cousin or uncle to be a model of perfection and loveliness, but in my case there is nothing to console you. Your mind is brought forcibly to bear on the one fact of my being older, and consequently wiser, than I speak. I do not so much mind the fact of my diminutiveness as hearing people say every time they meet me, "Well, you are the *least little thing*, you don't grow one bit." Well knowing that my growing days are over, or, adding insult to injury, "you are no larger than my child, Sarah Ann." Now I stand all these "vain repetitions," like a saint, for fifty or sixty times, but the thing has at last grown condemnable to say the least, and the most of it is you must smile sweetly all the time they are making their comments. Oh dear! sometimes I have maintained a comeliness "childlike and bland," when I have felt an almost irresistible inclination to profanity. So far I have excused the old, and resisted the desire, but I doubt if I can maintain my Christian resignation much longer.

I have not seen Mrs. B. for a day or two perhaps. I met her on the street, and she says, "Why do I think you grow less and less every day?" Now if that be true, I should like the scientific world to tell me how long it will be before I utterly disappear from off the face of the earth. The prospect of vanishing in thin air, is not particularly pleasant. When Miss A—, who, judging from her appearance is a lineal descendant of old Anak, says, looking down on me, "What does make you so little?" Well, you know it is yourself.

Of course our friend looks shocked, or amused, as the case may be, and we exclaim, "There now we've put a foot in it. It is an odious habit."

"That's what's the matter," says a brother, or a husband, or a cousin, coming in just now. We reprove him, with as much earnestness as though we had not just uttered two of the prevailing phrases of that dreadful slang.

"Of all expressions," we say, severely, "that one you just used is the *least* of it, the most vulgar and revolting to the eye."

Oh! being a reminder, is not a circumstance to being *so little*.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

## OPPORTUNITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

IN THE TIME OF THE FAIRY APPLES.

In yellow globes, till to the ground,  
When Ben and I had harbored Dapples  
And through the orchard stony wound.

Oh! being a reminder, is not a circumstance to being *so little*.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THE FAIRY APPLES.

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## MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF THE FLOOR," "VISITER," &c., THE WOMAN OF KINNE-  
WOOD CHAM., &c.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

UNPREDICTED RETRIBUTION.

Wil had, it seems, been exceedingly fortunate in his trip to Molton. He had not only discovered old Philis Blythdale, but had elicited from her most important information, and all the evidence necessary to prove which of the two twins, Guy and Gray Luttrell, was the older. Some difficulty in finding old Philis having at the outset arisen, Tib had telegraphed to Maggy, who fortunately happened to be at the gate of Mark Jarrett's villa, where taking passage, Mrs. Arden arrived. She set out for Hazelbrook without a loss of time, and the moment she saw Wil, she gave him, of course, a very animated account of Abel Stoke's insult to Daisy, driving him thereby almost out of his senses. She further told him that old Martin Stoke had gone down to Mark Jarrett's Grange, to obtain documents which would prove that Daisy was not Mark Jarrett's daughter, but who she really and truly was.

Wil, after this, despatched Maggy and her grandmother to London, and, attended by Tib, set out full speed for the Grange, to secure old Martin Stoke before he left it.

It happened, as it turned out most fortunately, that as a man of his birth, he turned rather to the shrubbery of the Grange, to which had so deep and lasting an interest for him, and while recalling to his memory the events which but for the interposition of Mark Jarrett's Daisy would have involved his mother's destruction, he suddenly beheld like a phantom her preserver appear in distract flight, followed, he quickly saw, by a man whom Tib at once, as an expediter of considerable force, named.

What followed we have seen.

It was not long ere Daisy opened her eyes and fastened them upon the loving face of Wil. Nor was it very much later that they rode into the shrubbery of the Grange together, attended by Tib; for it turned out that while Abel Stoke lay like a dead man upon the grass, Tib had, with the spur of a large bird, took flight, and on the spur of the moment Tib mounted Abel Stoke's panting horse, pursued and recovered him, but when he returned to the spot where he had left Abel Stoke lying, he could not find him. He had vanished, and left no trace behind him.

Tib, therefore, at once followed with a led horse, his master, and Daisy, who were already on their way to the Grange.

In the dark old building itself it was evident to both the latter, on their arrival, that some commotion was going on within, for the few servants still retained there were moving about in confusion, with a dazed expression on their faces, and they had advanced only a few paces in the hall when they were confronted by Mark Jarrett, who, rather than Daisy, had, with an impulsive but unintercepted passion, advanced to her, and took her by the hand, only his grip was a tight one, and had the character of anything but a friendly authority.

Towards Wil he assumed a cold, lofty demeanor, and in rigid tones said to him, as he turned away, leading Daisy, though she yielded to him decidedly his inclinations.

"Follow me, Mr. Rokeby."

Wil obeyed him, curting his hot, impetuous temper for the sake of Daisy; but he did not intend to throw away the information he had obtained at Molton, nor to go back to London without Daisy, if he could help it. But if he were compelled to do this, he would then, if he had a mind enough, have the desire to bring forward the man who had the right to claim her as their own, and to constrain Mark Jarrett to yield her up, and all future control over her.

When they entered the chamber in which Mark Jarrett had been wont to transact all his business, and to pass much of his time, Mark bade Daisy be seated, and she complied, but took a chair which was by a window, and snatched her to obtain a view of the pinacles and turrets of Fairholme Priory.

Mark observed this with a dark frown, and a tinge of red appeared upon his forehead.

"Daisy," he exclaimed, in a sharp, harsh tone, "shut out that building from your mind as well as your eyes. Henceforth you must yield implicit obedience to me, and will, in this, and in every other act of mine, be as much your father as I."

Mark made a movement as if he would spring upon his seat, but Joyce, thus held in check, and her knife glinting in his eye,

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panions for you; she muttered, between her teeth. "Be still, and listen."

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

colorless face the traces of sorrow and care, she yet looked as young as Mrs. Rokeby, even yet more beautiful, and quite charming enough to make her fittingly the mother of the two loving young girls gazing at her with tell-tale roses on their cheeks.

Poor Daisy was all unprepared for the introduction and the announcement Mrs. Rokeby made to her, and Wil and Bertie, at a sign from her, left her passionately embracing and comforted by the mother, whom she had never before known.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LOVE'S IMPOTENCE.

She was the fairest prettiest thing That ever bore the weight of pain; To-day I laid her in her grave. There was no more to weep and rave. My child then shall not weep again.

Oh! what is love that cannot shield, Or comfort when a woman's ill; Silent, I watched the deadly strife, The world's great pain, and her young life, And helpless, could not ward the blow.

It was not in the open field Of earthly pain and poverty, For there her hand I could have led, And held my child above her head, To save my little one, and die.

## THE MAJOR.

"Bah!" said the old colonel. "Let her do as she pleases. Let her please herself. It is none of our business, sister Jacqueline."

This was what the colonel said, and this he persisted in saying whenever he was attacked on the subject of that dreadful Bella and her small wickednesses; but then, everybody knew that the Colonel was very much prejudiced in favor of the fair delinquent, and, of course, it was not likely that he would be as severe as he ought to have been, under the circumstances.

Bella had done as she pleased, and had tyrannized over him ever since she glared at him a small, pink, old-fashioned dress up in an embroidered bundle, and she was nearly twenty years old, and there was hardly likelihood that she would do as she pleased, and the tyranny over him as long as he lived. It was not so hard to bear, either—the tyranny.

There were even persons who envied the old colonel, when his daughter domineered over him, and made him take her out riding, and forced herself into his private room for the express purpose of tumbling over his plans and compasses and, "instruments and things," as she called them. There were persons who would have very willingly stood in the old colonel's large embroidered slippers, if by doing so they could have been ordered about by that heartless Bella Rancerne, and scolded for being slow, and laughed at, and embraced into a pleasant sort of asphyxia. There were such persons, I say, at the same time, frank and impudent, as to add that they were really persons of the masculine gender, and of almost susceptible temperament; and there were others who were proportionately more upon the short-comings of the colonel's favorite.

Among the latter class stood the colonel's sister and housekeeper, Miss Jacqueline Rancerne, who had reigned supreme in the establishment for twenty years, and who was firmly convinced that nothing but her presence rescued the entire household from utter destruction. She did not approve of Bella; she did not flatter her; she did not encourage her sinful frivolities. Other people might be weak-minded as they pleased ("other people" meant the colonel), but she, Miss Jacqueline, was to hold full possession of her faculties, and favor the young with the expression of the pure wholesomeness of innocence. In accordance with which resolutions, she kept up a continual war in the household, and helped poor, pretty, irascible Bella into various pitfalls and snare, which sadly interfered with her amiability of disposition, and set her not only upon the defensive, but very frequently upon the offensive.

"You are probably aware," began Miss Jacqueline to her niece, one morning, as both sat at the breakfast-table, "you are probably aware that your father's friend, Major MacWheeldiston Dowles, will arrive to-day."

"Major who?" exclaimed Bella, opening her pretty eyes.

"Major MacWheeldiston Dowles," enunciated Miss Jacqueline, with some lofty asperity.

Bella sighed, with an expressive droop of her pretty shoulders.

"Poor man," she said.

"Poor man," echoed Miss Jacqueline.

"If it would not be too great labor for you to explain, I should really like to know why Major MacWheeldiston Dowles is to be pitted."

"Oh, Aunt Jack, dear—please don't!" implored Bella, wickedly. If there was one thing that roused her relative more than another, it was to be called "Aunt Jack."

"Don't!" she ejaculated, in her most rapturous manner. "I really don't comprehend you, Miss Rancerne."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Bella, sweetly, but coolly. "I know, but I needn't be rascified. It is so ridiculous. You don't do well to be rascified, Aunt Jack, darling, so it seems to me that it is a sheer waste of energy to be it."

To say that Miss Jacqueline glared would be to describe her manner feebly. Any less irrepressible young lady than that heartless Bella would have been transfixed—absolutely transfixed—by the majestic severity of her eye; but Bella was not transfixed. There was a large pier-glass over the mantle, in which her great, lovely arch, gray eyes, and her lovely, clear complexion, were reflected, and she had the temerity to look across the table at them, and smile sweetly.

"Poor man," she said, all the time regarding her own charming self, with a smile, and her godfathers and godmothers' thoughts in his baptism, when he had made Major MacWheeldiston Dowles? Who could know to be it?

"A sensible female," announced Miss Jacqueline, with scorn. "A sensible female, in choosing the partner of her affections, is not to be influenced by the puerile absurdities likely to affect the lower grades of womanhood."

"Oh, dear!" said Bella, "that's me, isn't it? And you are the sensible female. But would you really, now, Aunt Jack?"

"Would I really?" queried the irate spinner, exasperately.

"Like to be Mrs. Major MacWheeldiston Dowles? Oh, Aunt Jack, come on—incredulously. Just think how it would look on your card. Why, I should, on any consideration. And think of calling him MacWheeldiston, dearest, when you wanted me a bonnet. Oh! come now, Aunt Jack."

Now, of course, this was extremely embarrassing in the servants' hall as well as in the parlor, and was perfectly satisfied with the snatty she inspired; but it seemed the most natural thing in the world, that her inferiors

in social position should be fond of Bella; and, as for the colonel himself—well, to say the least, the colonel was infatuated in an elderly way.

When he came down to his breakfast, he found that heartless Bella awaiting his coming complacently, seated in a easy-chair, with a book, and looking quite ungracious and charming, as a result of the success of her only skirmish with her much-revered relative.

"Papa, darling," she said, "who is Major MacWheeldiston?"

The colonel came to her chair, and kissed her on the top of her elaborate brown crimp, with much paternal dignity.

"My dearest Bella, he said, "that isn't his name at all. You have been talking to Jacqueline, which has made you deliberately irreverent."

Then Miss Jacqueline turned her pretty head back on her chair and lifted her eyes, an aduocous face up and kissed him, so she had a most unpleasant habit of doing shapely, upon all occasions. One of Miss Jacqueline's most acid grievances was that her handsome niece was so disrespectful. Bella was too tall and wantonly to be so absurdly childlike, she said; but the colonel never objected. I can assure you, the colonel was the party most annoyed.

"It is my friend MacWheeldiston Dowles you mean," said the colonel; "and you mustn't let your aunt prejudge you, you young girl, Bella. Of course, the name is bad enough, but the poor fellow isn't to blame for it. His confounded father gave it to him, by way of propitiating an old skink of a sister-in-law, who left her money in the end to an asylum for indigent vegetarians, because Mac wouldn't live on barley-water and oatmeal porridge. She was a vegetarian herself, and Mac has often told me she starved him when he was a little fellow, visiting her house. He is the dearest of my friends, Bella. We were in the same regiment when he was a mere boy, and I a middle-aged man, and he has saved my life twice."

"Did he?" cried Miss Jacqueline's enemy. "That makes a difference. Then we'll make love to him, to prove it."

"Would you?" said the colonel, a trifle eagerly. "He is forty years old, Bella."

"Then," said Bella, "Aunt Jack shall make love to him."

And she got up with a joyous little laugh, and went to the table to pour out the chocolate.

That evening Major Dowles made his appearance, and the first glimpse of Bella was gained through an open window, as she stood in the garden, drooping in her prettiest, most seductive way, over a bush of scarlet japonicas. There was a cluster of these flaming in her pretty brown hair, and a cluster nestling at her lace collar, and her cheeks were tinged with a happy flush—she had a fashion of flushing and glowing over flowers and alstroemeria she was indescribably beautiful.

On seeing her, Major Dowles blushed—politely blushed—with pleasure, to the very roots of his hair, and at the same he was conscious of an alarming stirring in the region of his heart—she was such a very fresh, feminine sort of girl, this daughter of Rancerne's.

"I thought she was a little girl," he said, with modest hesitation. "I really thought that I once remembered seeing her in a short tuck dress, with a broad sash on."

"So you did," answered the colonel, gravely, "twelve years ago. That makes us feel old, doesn't it? I can scarcely believe it when I see her."

"And then Bella was called, and came in, with a handful of japonicas, and said she had introduced to the grizzly-bearded man, and seeing in him a retiring, awkward hero of the middle-age, she was quite delighted, and talked to him with such charming ease and gravity of manner, that he was in a modest state of ecstasy. She made herself very agreeable to him from the first, and after he had been in the house a couple of days, she had taken possession of him entirely, pretty much as she took possession of the colonel himself. She even began to give little commissions to execute in the course of time, and discovering (to his deep abasement and abashed misery) that he could play on the piano, she taught him his instrument, and pointed up joint it blindingly, and raised to the proper pitch with many plaintive twanging. She had a whimsical way of treating him, as if he had been much older than he was, and his apathy had priviledged her to be merry and coaxing and light-hearted toward him. She gave him flowers out of her garden, now and then, making little breast-knots, and even pinning them on his coat for him, on state occasions, just as she pinned them on her father's; and more than this—she told him her troubles, and was entreated to the proper pitch with many plaintive twanging. That was all."

"Bless my soul!" repeated the astonished colonel.

"Why, he is stupid and uninteresting."

The colonel, who was sitting at his study-table, deeply interested in the "piano and instruments and things," looked up at Miss Jacqueline, and pushed his spectacles up on his bald forehead.

"My—dear Bella!" he exclaimed—overbearing! Bella? Bless my soul!"

Bella drummed on the table with her fingers, impatiently.

"Yes, he is," she repeated. "And I don't like him—one atom!"

"Bless my soul!" repeated the astonished colonel.

"Why, he is the mildest, most utterly inoffensive man in the world!"

"Oh!" said Bella, "that's nothing but artfulness. He pretends to be, but he is not. He is an interfering old thing—so, then."

"I—hope—that you have not quarreled with him," hinted the colonel, with mock hesitation.

"Quarreled!" ejaculated Bella, with scorn.

"No, indeed!"

"Perhaps, my dear," suggested her father, "you are a trifles too severe on Dowles. You see, he—isn't as young as he once was, and I have heard that he once met with a sort of love disappointment, which he found it very hard to forget, and possibly that makes him somewhat grave at times. Don't be too hard on him, Bella. It is a curious coincidence that the woman he loved is living in this very neighborhood now, and perhaps that has its effect on him. She is widow, and a very handsome woman, too; they tell me."

"I—I know," said Bella, indifferently. "That's it, is it? I hope it will end well, I'm sure. They are both old enough now, I suppose, to be wise about the matter."

And immediately she felt heartily ashamed of herself.

In passing through the hall, a few minutes after she encountered Miss Jack, attired in all the pristine elegance of her company bonnet, and was stopped by her.

"I am going to call on our new neighbor, Mrs. Hetherington," she said, drawing on her glove. "She is an old friend of Major Dowles, and a very delightful person, he tells me. I shall return in an hour or so."

Whereupon Bella took her garden hat, and when her amiable relative had disappeared, she made a frantic attack.

"What!" she ejaculated, "goodness gracious, Aunt Jack!"

"You are making yourself perfectly ridiculous," snapped Miss Jacqueline, "besides being forward and pert. What do you suppose Major Dowles thinks of you?"

Bella recovered herself.

"I am worse than Aunt Jack," she faltered, laughing a little, though her eyes were nervously wet. "I am more ridiculous and unreasonably and—silly. I—I must be falling in love with the major. Oh, Bella! Bella! Bella! Rancerne!" shaking her finger in the air, "you are not in earnest, are you?"

And then she laughed again, but found it necessary to wince a shining tear away, nevertheless.

But though she did not believe it, she faltered to face the major at dinner-time, and was obliged to be very talkative to her father to avoid meeting the honest, grave brown eye that watched her from the other side of the table. Why need he look at her if he didn't like her? And then, with such feminine inconstancy, she grew angry, and sneered in secret at his unashamed collar, and ridiculous overgrown necklace.

When she was gone, Bella went on with her work for a minute or so in silence, and then, all at once, the little prancing shear dropped on the carpet in earnest, and her hands went up to her pink cheeks.

"He did ignore me," she said. "How stupid I was."

"Old?" said Miss Jack. "He is not over forty."

Here I regret to be obliged to chronicle a mildly vicious speech on the part of my heroine.

"But that seems old, regarding it from my standpoint," she said, "though it may not seem so to you. When I am fifty, I dare say of forty will look young."

Miss Jack took up her sewing, rolled it up into a frothy, solid form, and prepared to leave the room.

"It may be proper to flirt with gentlemen openly," she said, trembling with suppressed indignation. "Perhaps it is. Of course, you know best; but if I were a young lady, I should feel somewhat embarrassed on finding my jester utterly ignored, as your rather remarkable speech was ignored this morning."

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## UNCLE ZEKE'S PRACTICAL JOKE.

Some years ago there lived in one of our large cities an eccentric character known as Uncle Zeke, who never lost a chance of perpetrating a practical joke. Any place or occasion enticed him, provided he could make his point. One fine Sunday he repaired to a fashionable church, some time after the service had commenced, and as there was not a seat vacant, he took a prominent position in the centre aisle, where he stood bolt upright, with his high stove-pipe hat clamped tightly on his head. Of course he attracted much attention, and the sexton and sexton's mate, some cracking up to his and whispering that he must take off his hat. "That's agin my principles," said Uncle Zeke.

"I can't help that," said the sexton, impatiently, "you must take it off."

"But I won't," replied Uncle Zeke.

"Then I shall take it off for you," said the sexton, who was becoming very nervous on account of the attention this whispered colloquy had occasioned.

"All right," said Uncle Zeke, "you kin take it off."

The sexton thereupon took hold of the rim of Uncle Zeke's hat and desperately lifted it off his head. But what was most spectacular sexton's horror when about two quarts of hotatory salts rolled out of the hat and went clattering and banging over the church floor.

And that was Uncle Zeke's joke on the sexton.

## PARENTAL INSTINCT.

As the cars stopped at a small town in Minnesota, an honest-looking German and family came on board the train. The family consisted of numerous children, wife, and a quantity of children of assorted sizes, from the babe in arms up to a boy of twelve. The German, after showing his bundles in the forward seats of the smoking-car, proceeded to place his wife and offspring near them. This accomplished, he seated himself for a smoke. All at once, as the signal whistled for starting, he dashed out of the car into the station, returning with another child in his arms that had been asleep, barely catching the train before it moved. As he passed, one of the passengers said, laughingly.

"You came near forgetting that one."

"No," replied Bana, "I don't forget him; but den I can't count, and I miss one!"

## BRUDDER DICKSON.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of New England towns, was sharing one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between the two respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in that place:

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No, sir, not at all."

"Why, are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not this year, sir."

"Why did you leave that communion, Mr. Dickson, if I may be permitted to ask?"

"Why, I tell you, sir, that Mr. Dickson, stopped a conveyance on the palm of his hand. It was just like die. I jined die church in good faith. I gib two dollars toward die stated practice of die gospel die year. And de people call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business was not berry good, and I only gib two dollars. Dat year die church people call me Mr. Dickson. Das rass hurt you, sir?"

"No, sir, it goes tolerably well."

"Well, sir, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—and I give nothing for preaching. Well, sir, after dat, day called me old nigger Dickson, an' I left em."

No saying, Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, who was well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left the church.

## SMART BOY.

The following conversation between a man named Jones and a boy was overheard by a St. Louis gentleman the other day—

"I say, Jim, what is the difference between the commencement and the beginning of anything?"

"I don't know," said Jim, "what is it?"

"There isn't any," was the reply.

"I see," replied Jim. "Now you tell me this. A Jackson was on one side of a river, and some day at the other, and the Jackson wanted to get at the day without wetting his feet. How did he do it?"

"I don't know," said Jones, "I give it up."

"So did the other Jackson," said Jim.

## A WESTERN JOKE.

The *Post* Transcript tells this joke on one of the denizens of that place—Two gentlemen recently went across the river, several miles hunting snipe. One of them understood the business; the other did not, having only "heard tell of it," and dreamed about it.

The man who was posted told the other that he must take a bag, hold its mouth open, stand on one side of the river, and then into the bag, as they surely could do. So the uninitiated chap took his post to wait for the coming of the birds, while the other went into the woods to snare those towards the man with the bag. Instead of attempting to snare up any birds he walked leisurely back to the city, and went to bed. The victimized individual came back about one o'clock at night, complaining that he had not caught a bird, and that his companion in hunting had been lost. When the story came out somebody was mad, but had to treat, nevertheless.

## THE STORY OF LOWRY'S CAT CONDEMNED.

Jim Stewart, of Erie, is a good natured, simpletoned boy. He has a pet cat, the property of Hon. C. Lowry. Mrs. Lowry has two male cats. One, especially, is a nuisance. So she gives Jim one dollar to put it away, so she will never see it again. Jim takes the dollar and the cat and goes down street. Meeting Mr. Lowry, he sells it to him as one of the great Rocky Mountain mousers for the pretty sum of four dollars. Jim now has five dollars, and the boy, Mr. Lowry takes his cat home to find that he has been badly sold by the darky. At last account the Hon. M. B. Lowry was walking the streets of Erie, armed with a walking stick, and wondering why a man can never find that nigger who wants to see him."

## THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

Working man: "Ain't you going to send that boy of yours to school, Bill?" said Bill, "will I?" He went one day, and when he came home he told me it was responsible to get drunk. Think I'll have a pintful feelin' out, an' all the sweat an' 'oly union of 'em 'vention broken up by swell teachin' of him?" Come on, stan' a pint?"

## SMALL FOR ITS AGE.

A close-setted old fellow, in treating a friend to some beer, poured out a very small drink. The latter, when the glass and holding it above his head, remarked very skeptically, "You say this is four years old?" "Yes," replied the host. "Then, I suppose our friend, 'all I have to say in it, is very small for its age."

No Proos. Lawyer: "How do you identify this handkerchief?" "I know it by its general appearance, and the fact that I have never seen it." Lawyer: "That's no proof, for I have one just like it in my pocket. Didn't I don't doubt that. I had more than one of the same sort."

## DAVYRACK.

The working man, still hanging high, Shines soft on Paddy's breast; The count-rage mountains and the sky Hold dimly in the West.

For East there breaks a golden light, With many a rosy ray; The sky is clear, and bright and bright Against the sky-arch gray;

A crown of more numerous light, And golden girls are, The sky is clear, and bright and bright Against the sky-arch gray;

Adorns the Straits of Chersones, Russia's golden gateway; I'll go to the shore, and see white horses, With hoofs which the foot-hills hide;

The lights around grow faint, and fade; And now the convent bell To matins calls each vespere-broid, Our matins—from her cell.

And as the moon-star pales away, Lord knows the warning goes, While echoes, answering, seem to say: "Another day longer."

—*Princeton Morning Call.*

## Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 21.

## THE MIEANTHROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

M. Eugene Ferrar was sitting directly opposite, and I was in a state of boyish jubilation over the unexpected meeting. We had been students together at the little university of H— where there sprang up a mutual as I had faith to believe affection, possessing all the romantic fervor of girlhood but to the strength of our sternest sex.

The years I will confess that had intervened since we had parted from those old classic shades had worked changes in the face and manner of M. Eugene, but I could complain when I thought them known to be great, if different changes, perhaps were apparent in myself. I had thought when I first met him, that he had given me a look, and looked into the eye of Ferrar, that the world had given me back the innocent, free hearted student of the golden time. But an hour afterwards, as we sat by the window of my meagre little office where for months I had smoked cheap cigars and waited for business, I began to trace the mysterious hieroglyphics with which the soul inscribed itself upon the face, and I was not, could not be pleased with the mystic characters, symbolizing the inner life. He had been in the pits and rings, and upon the race-course of life had staked and lost; but then there thundered out from the temple portals of go-easy centuries the great, little sentence: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

I learned that M. Eugene had spent some years in Germany and the East seeing the world. In his jottings to me while absent, his letters had taken the form and brevity of official dispatches; but as he promised me a proxy journal I nursed my hungry soul in patient expectation. But somewhere on his route the hotel had been burned, and his M. had proven itself literally to be thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Now I noticed, in referring to that time, he skinned like a bird from one light perch to another, and I thought that he might pass over huge chasms and dark ravines unknown to me. But what then? If I felt a disappointment in the meeting after so many years, why it was but another "Apple of Sodom," more or less of which you and I, dear reader, have got to taste.

After this, for some weeks, my old time was not so frequent a visitor, and I mentally rejoiced that so much evil influence would "avant" at the bidding. Besides, just at this time I was thrown into the greatest excitement by finding an ad veritatem in my daily paper, reading—

"The hair, or hair, of Pierre Mardon will be greatly advanced by personally presenting themselves, or communicating by letter, with M. Jerome,

"Attorney, "Rue—"

Pierre Mardon was my maternal uncle, and I had good reasons to answer the summons personally. I therefore made hasty preparations for getting through the midnight express, undeterred by the damp and aching day.

At half past five, M. Eugene came whistling in, and was much surprised at my intentions of going off on the train, said that he had found it necessary to go himself as far as H—; then, after a moment's hesitation, he frankly inquired if I would not as lief charge of his invalid cousin as far as H—, which would save him an inconvenient journey and greatly oblige him.

I was lodged in the modern bastille tower, with the bulb's eye grating, and for five years the rats were my sole companions. Then the confession of a wretched doomed to the guillotine—M. Latimer—swept the pain from his heart.

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